

Than sterte in mad kyt
That had lytell wyt
She seemed somdele leke
And brought a peny cheke
To dame Elynour
For a draught of her lycore
CThan margery mylke ducke
Her wytyll she dyd vp tricke
An ynche aboue her kne
Her legges that he ar ryght se
But they were sturdy and stubbed
Myghty pestelles and clubbed
A fayre and as whyte
As the fote of a byte
She was somwhat foul
Croke nebbed lyke an oule
And yet she brought her fees
A kantell of Elsikes chees
Was well a fote thycke
Full of magottes quycke

Some trypes that synkes
But of all this thonge
One came them amouge
She semed halfe a lecho
And began to preche
Of the tewesdays in the weke
Whan the mare dothe keke
Of the vertue of vnslet leke
And of her husbandes bryke
With the feders of a quayle
She coude to burdewys sayle
And with good ale barne
She coude make a charme
To helpe withall a styche
She semed to he a wytche
Another brought two goslynges
That were nougaty froslynges
She brought them in a wallet
She was a comely callef
The coslynges were hntyd

She semed somdele seke
And brought a peny cheke
To dame Elynour
For a draught of her lycoure
Chan marge y mylke ducke
Her kyztyll she dyd by tucke
An ynche aboue her kno
Her legges that he myght se
But they were sturdy and stubbed
Myghty pestelles and clubbed
As fayre and as whyte
As the fote of a kyte
She was somwhat soule
Croke nebbed lyke an oule
And yet she brought her fees
A kantell of Elskes chees
Was well a fote thycke
Full of magottes quycke
It was huge and grete
And mochen strancre mete

But of all his thynges
One came them amonge
She semed halfe a leche
And began to preche
Of the tewdays in the weke
Whan the mare dothe keke
Of the vertue of baset leke
End of her husbandes oreke
With the feders of a quayle
She coude to burdewys sayle
And with godd ale barme
She coude make a charme
To helpe withall a styche
She semed to be a wytche
Another brought two goslyngs
That were noughey frostynges
She brought them in a wallet
She was a comely callet
The goslynges were bnyde
Elynour gan to thyde

And he was full of tales
Of tydylges in wales
And saynt James in gales
And of the portyngales
With lo gossyp Wys
Thus and thus it is
There hath been grete Warre
Byt wene temple barre
And the crossc in chene
And thyder can
Of mylles
She spass...s in her snoute
Snewelynge in her nose
As though he has the posse
So here is an olde typper
And ye wyll gyue me a typper
Of your stale ale
God sende

Thyn fell in a montayne

Dewe in cometh another rabell
Fyrste one with a ladell
Another with a cradell
And with a syde sadell
And there began a fabell
A claterynge and a batell
Of a sole's fellip
That had a sole with wylly
With fast you and gyp Iilly
She coude not ly stilly
Than came in z Jenet
And sware by laynt benet
I dranke not this leuenyght
A draught to my pay
Clynour I the pray
Of thyne ale let vs assaye
And haue here a pylche of graye
I Were skynnes of konny
That causeth I loke so donny

And saynt James in gales
And of the portyngales
With lo gossyp I wys
Thus and thus it is
There hathe ben grete warre
Byt wene temple barre
And the crosse in chepe
And thyder came an hepe
Of mylstones in a route
She spake this in her snoute
Soneuelynge in her nose
As though he she had the pose
Loo here is an olde typpet
And ye wyll gyue me a syppet
Of your stale ale
God sende you good stale
And as she was dynkynge
She fel in a wyndyng
With a barly hode

Dove in comynge unto a broune
Fyrste one with a fadell
Another with a cradell
And with a syde fadell
And there began a fabelle
A clateringe and a batell
Of a soles felly
That had a sole with Wyllly
With fast you and gup Wyllly
She coude not ly stylly
Than came in a Jene
And sware by saynt benet
I dranke not this feuennyght
Adraught to my pay
Clynour I the pray
Of thyne ale let vs assay
And haue here a pyche of graye
I were skynnes of honny
That causeth I loke so donny
Another than dyd hye het

Syt we downe arowe
And dynke tyll we blowe
And pyp etyly tydowe
Come laye to pledge
Theyz hatchet and theyz wedge
Theyz hekyll and theyz rele
Theyz rocke theyz spyngynge whelle
And some wente so narowe
They layde to pledge theyz wharowe
Theyz ryblyng and theyz spydell
Theyz nedell and theyz thymbell
Here was scant thyfste
Whan they made suche skyfste
They thyfste was so grete
They asked never for mete
But dynke styl dynke
And let the cat dynke
Let hs walsh our gummes
Frome the dyng crummes

She ran in all the halte
Unbraised and unblaste
Cawny Roastee and Salome
Lyke a cake of calowme
I dwreddy all halome
It was a stale to take
The Devyll in a plake
Lano than came halynghe Zone
And brought a grumbone
Of bacon that was rosty
But lordes that he was celly
Angry as a boalpe
She gan to pant and gaspe
And bade Clymoure go bes
And syll in good met
It was dete that was ferrefet
Another brought a spycke
Of a bacon flyce
Her tonge was batay quykke
But she felde fayre by her knyche

Be that as be maye
Some lothe to be aspy ed
Some sterte in at the backe syde
Ouer the hedge and pale
And all for the good ale
CSome tyll they s^twete
Bryng^e With them malt or Whete
And dame Clynour entrete
To byzle them of the best
Than cometh another gest
She s^twereth by the rode of rest
Her lyppes are so drye
Without drynke she must dy
Therefore syll it by and by
And haue here a pecke of ry
CAnone cometh another
As drye as the other
And with her dothe bryng^e
Spese/salte/or other chynge

... and knotte
Thus have we gyde wely
And synges in a sy
Sone as the march bry
Sone chyall to est
And to the chyall
Bynnyng in no bryce
And because it is no summe
The wod no fader hym
Of the chyall
But the welcomene playne
Wherewer I agayne

Tercius passus

Tis tyme of corne and mony
Somtyme brought her a mony
And somtyme a poore man yong
Somtyme a knave and somtyme a god
Wherewer I agayne.